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NEW SONGS.

PRETTY POLLY OF DEPTFORD.

Sung by Mr. PEARMAN at Sadler's Wells.

Tune---'Meg of Wapping.'

'Twas at Greenwich fair, I shall never forget,
When my messmates and I were all merry;
At the ship, pretty Polly of Deptford I met,
Whose cheeks were as red as a cherry;
Her eyes shot a four pounder plump thro' my heart,
And tho' love I had always call'd folly;
I spilt all my grog o'er a messmate so smart,
While looking askew at Miss Polly.

(SPOKEN.) O, it was a sight to see---talk of beauty,
a first rate was a fool to her:---I'd a mind to ask her to
drink as well as the other gemmen, but she had put me
in such a flusteration, that instead of offering her the
glass, I handed her my 'bacco box, when she told me
she never chaw'd pigtail.

So I look'd like a lubber, my messmates all laugh'd,
While pardon I ask'd of Miss Polly.

But you know British sailors for trifles don't stand,
And Polly forgave me so sweetly,
That I ask'd, when the fiddler struck up, for her hand,
For at dancing I can jig it featly;
But while we were footing, 'twas love I suppose,
Tho' she smil'd I was all melancholy;
For right I went left, jibb'd, and trod on her toes,
Miss'd stays, and came down with Miss Polly.

(SPOKEN.) Here was a pretty go---we righted how-
somdever, and says I, "I'm all consarnment, una'am,
at this here capsizing, but if you was me, and had been
raked fore and aft with such a pair of eyes as I was,
you'd have done the same, so I hopes no offence."
"La, Sir, (says she,) you're so purlite, there's no bear-
ing you; but, I don't mind if I does go down another
dance with you."

So we call'd, 'Jack's alive,' and I footed away,
And came in for a kiss of Miss Polly.

So my heart struck its colors, but don't go to think,
I struck only because she was pretty;
I found she'd a heart that could part with the chink,
When distress came athwart her for pity:
She was none of they vixens who scratch out your eyes,
Tip you faintings and all that queer folly,
Could work at her needle, make puddings and pies,
And wa'n't that a charming Miss Polly?

(SPOKEN.) I knock'd up the fiddler dancing with her,
and knock'd down a lubber that affronted her, saw her
home, bought her a gold necklace and ear-rings, a new
gown for her old ancient grandmother, and took her
uncle out of limbo for debt. "Now, (says she,) I don't
know how to impress my gratitude." "Why, as to
that, Miss Polly, (says I,) you've won my heart, and
as you are captain of the ship, you've a right to com-
mand the parser; and if you would let me add a ring
to the necklace and ear-tackle, you'd make me the hap-
piest man in the university."

So she blush'd her consent, and a keesee I bought,
And next day I married Miss Polly.

VON AWLITZ, THE COBBLER.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett.

Von Awlitz, the cobbler, was poor as a rat,
And fed upon bear's flesh at dinner;
Quoth he, 'By St. Chrispin, to laugh and grow fat,
Is better than cry and grow thinner.'
His wife, in the girdle, was lank as a hurdle,
And turn'd up her nose at his revels;
She seem'd, with her mumps, and her glumps, and her
dumps,
The bluest of all the blue devils,
He laugh'd ha, ha, ha!--and she sigh'd heigho!
O rat-a-tat-a heigho!

She hated to see him grow big as a bear,
And cried, in an elegant flutter,
'Lord, Mr. Von Awlitz, I vow and declare,
You're as fat as a firkin of butter!'
Now, Mr. Von Awlitz, a quizzer was he,
And said, (for he swore he should catch it,)
'To-morrow we dine on the bark of a tree,
Pray lend me your phiz for a hatchet.'
He laugh'd ha, ha, ha, &c.

She scolded him thin in a twelvemonth, I trow,
 They grumbl'd and growl'd in their gizzards,
 And Mr. and Mrs. Von Awlitz are now
 As lean as a couple of lizards.
 Let each merry grig, who wants to look big,
 When single, take care to grow fatter;
 One gets a lean face, when the parson says grace,
 For marriage is no laughing matter.
 We don't laugh ha, ha, ha!--but we sigh heigho!
 O rat-a-tat-a heigho!

THE DOOR LATCH.

Sung by Mr. LISTON.

Says Paul Dolguroski, 'Dear wife, do not snub!
 For, you know, I can never resist
 A little gilt Bacchus, astride a gilt tub,
 With a gilt bunch of grapes in his fist.
 When he's hook'd to a tavern, and blowing about,
 My love, can you think it a sin,
 While Bacchus is taking his swing there without,
 If I'm taking my swing there within?'

'This night, (says his wife,) not a maid here, by gosh!
 Shall sit up for so drunken a swine;
 Don't you know we have had a great family wash,
 And must all be in bed, Sir, by nine?
 There's a hole in the door, in the inside a catch,
 So I tell you, without more ado,
 When you reel home at night, you must lift up the latch,
 Beast! by putting your fore-finger thro'.'

At midnight, he serpentin'd home, in a fog,
 When, behold! quite as sottish a chap
 At his threshold was seated, as drunk as a hog,
 With his mouth open, taking a nap.
 Dolguroski, resolv'd the directions to note,
 Which his deary had given before,
 Ram'd his fore-finger into the nap-taker's throat,
 Crying, 'this is the hole of the door.'

The sleeper bit hard---so the drunk held the drunk;
 Till the husband exclaim'd, with a shout,
 'Wife! the hole of the door in this wet weather's shrunk,
 And I can't get my fore-finger out!'
 The wife let him in;---and says he, 'I declare
 'Twas my finger oblig'd me to bawl;
 And you must, dearest wife, as you came down the stairs,
 Have seen it inside of the hall.'

LOVELY WOMAN.

Sung by Mr. PHILLIPS in the Spanish Patriote.

When to lovely woman's power
 Man submits his raptur'd soul,
 Then he culls life's sweetest flower,
 Then his hours in pleasure roll.
 Nor should meaner ties invading,
 Tempt deluded man to stray ;
 Blest, alone, when love pervading
 Bends him to dear woman's sway.
 Lovely woman ! Charming woman !
 The best and dearest gift of life.

Earth contains no other treasure
 Which the truly wise should prize,
 Life no sweeter, dearer pleasure,
 Than when love beams from her eyes :
 He alone, to Heaven aspiring,
 E'er can hope its joys to know,
 Who, no other heaven desiring,
 Worships woman here below.
 Lovely woman ! charming woman !
 The best and dearest gift of life.

THE LOV'D LAND OF OUR BIRTH.

Sung by Mr. PHILLIPS in the same.

How dear is our own native land,
 And dear the affections it yields,
 When, sportive, the infantine hand
 Culls the flow'rets of spring in her fields !
 Or when, in the proud flush of youth,
 We joy in the vigor of May,
 Exchange the fond pledges of truth,
 While love and gay hope light our way !
 Still dear is that spot upon earth,
 The land, the lov'd land of our birth !

Or when, in the autumn of life,
 The fruits of affection around,
 Or in the sad perils of strife,
 When war's dread alarms resound ;
 Or when the bleak winter of years
 Arrests the heart's blood in its flow,
 Our country the chill bosom cheers,
 And bids our faint embers to glow.
 Still dear is that spot upon earth,
 The land, the lov'd land of our birth !

HOME AND LOVE.

Sung by Mr. PHILLIPS in the same

The manly heart, to fame aspiring,
His dearest impulse takes from love ;
Pond beauty's charms, to glory firing,
Lives there a soul can senseless prove,
To win, by deeds of generous daring,
The smiles of her whom most we prize,
And her soft bosom's sorrow sharing,
To be the object of her sighs ?
O, who would not, the foe defying,
Contend for kindred, home, and love ?

Sweet myrtles with the laurels twining,
Express the hero's fit reward,
And honor's star is brightest shining,
Fed by the flame it lives to guard.
O, then may our own matchless beauty
Ne'er want the manly heart and hand ;
Still bold in valor's dearest duty,
Keep the threshold of the land ;
And, to the last, the foe defying,
Contend for kindred, home, and love !

THE SUNNY HILL.

Sung by Mrs. BLAND in the same.

The sunny hill, the verdant mead,
My former hours delighting,
Before my eyes now joyless fade,
Dark fears my hopes benighting ;
The happy days of youth are flown,
New cares and times succeeding,
Love's flowers are blighted soon as blown,
And friendship's heart lies bleeding.

When shall thy dawn, sweet peace, return,
The milder passions leading,
And love and duty cease to mourn,
The rights of virtue pleading ?
O, happy, happy days, advance,
The ills of life beguiling !
Awake, the rural song and dance,
While sunny hills look smiling.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

Sung by Mr. PYNE in the same.

Though keen is the sorrow, and sad is the tear,
From the scene of our joys when we part,
And turn a last look on the friends who are dear,
Or the still dearer girl of our heart ;
Yet, O, what a desert the bosom must prove,
That knows not the feelings of friendship and love !

The dew-drop of night, though in darkness it lie,
Gives a gem to the lustre of morn ;
And so, in our griefs, sensibility's sigh
The heart whence it springs can adorn.
But, O, what a desert the bosom must prove,
That knows not the feelings of friendship and love !

POLACCA.

Sung by Mr. PHILLIPS in the same.

When for our laws and native land
We brave th' embattled field,
By freedom fir'd, a generous band,
No foe shall make us yield.
Then let the angry tyrant boast,
And vaunt his fortunes high,
Him and Gallia's slavish host
We'll conquer, or we'll die.

What tho' domestic jars divide,
And fancied ill's alarm,
'Twas ever yet the patriot's pride
'Gainst foreign foes to arm !
Then let the angry tyrant boast,
And vaunt his fortunes high,
Him and Gallia's slavish host
We'll conquer or we'll die !

THE ARMY AND NAVY FOR EVER.

Sung by Mr. DIGNUM at Vauxhall Gardens.

Let Gallia exult of her numbers in war,
And tyranny boast of its slaves :
The pride of a hero is Liberty's star,
Of liberty, free as the waves !

And England her soldiers and seamen can boast
 By land or by sea conquer'd never !
 And where is the Briton that won't give the toast ;
 Huzza ! and with three,
 The shout of joy be---
 The army and navy for ever !

The sea-begirt island of Albion's domain,
 By loyalty's shield circled round,
 Triumphant the threats of its foes can disdain,
 Forbidden to tread on its ground.
 And England, whose pride is her soldiers and tars,
 By land or by sea conquer'd never !
 Can hail as her champions in peace or in war,
 Her army and navy for ever !
 Huzza ! and with three,
 The shout of joy be---
 The army and navy for ever !

The deeds of a Nelson shall live while the word
 Keeps pace with the records of time ;
 And wherever Britain's proud flag is unfurl'd,
 Shall Wellington's fame blaze sublime !
 And England ! thy soldiers and seamen e'er shine,
 By land or by sea conquer'd never !
 And where is the Briton the toast can decline,
 Her army and navy for ever !
 Huzza ! then with three,
 The shout of joy be---
 The army and navy for ever !

DUTY TO HIS COUNTRY AND HIS KING.

Sung by Mr. SMITH in the Privateer:

On shore the tar forgets both wealth and fame,
 While fondly clasp'd in lovely Nancy's arms,
 He swears that none but she his heart can claim,
 He knows no heav'n but in her circling arms.
 But when at honor's call,
 The crew assembled all,
 He scorns to lag behind, tho' Nancy round him cling:
 He's call'd away,
 And must obey,
 Nought claims a part
 In that brave heart,
 But duty to his country and his king.

And when as silence hovers o'er the deep,
 The lover walks on deck his nightly round,
 While happier messmates sink in careless sleep,
 He breaks the stillness with a sigh profound.
 But when he hears afar,
 The bursting sounds of war,
 In vain his Nancy's form may recollection bring,
 No thoughts of love,
 His soul can move,
 Nought claims a part,
 In that brave heart,
 But duty to his country and his king.

THE ANCHOR'S WEIGH'D.

Sung by Mr. BRAHAM.

The tear fell gently from her eye,
 When last we parted on the shore,
 My bosom beat with many a sigh,
 To think I ne'er might see her more.
 ' Dear youth, (she cried,) and canst thou haste away,
 My heart will break : a little moment stay.
 Alas ! I cannot part from thee,
 The anchor's weigh'd---farewell, remember me !'

' Weep not, my love, (I trembling said,)
 Doubt not a constant mind like mine ;
 I ne'er can meet another maid,
 Whose charms can fix a heart like mine.'
 ' Go, then, (she cried ;) but let thy constant mind
 Oft think of her you leave in tears behind.'
 ' Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be,
 The anchor's weigh'd---farewell, remember me !'

TURN OUT.

Sung By Mr. KNIGHT at the Lyceum.

Love and Poverty's fate is turn out; turn out,
 Love and Poverty's fate is turn out,
 But the rich blockhead's store,
 Alas ! opens the door,
 Thro' which merit, if poor, must turn out, turn out,
 Thro' which merit, if poor, must turn out.
 Great statesmen, when doom'd to turn out, turn out,
 Great statesmen, when doom'd to turn out,

Tho' full of their graces,
When snug in their places,
With very wry faces turn out, turn out,
With very wry faces turn out.

Our foe would their neighbours turn out, turn out,
Our foe would their neighbours turn out;
But John Bull is so queer,
He'll sometimes interfere,
Just to trouble mounseer to turn out, turn out,
Just to trouble mounseer to turn out.

In the play-house they often turn out, turn out,
In the play-house they often turn out,
And isn't it boring
To hear 'em encoring,
While others are roaring turn out, turn out,
While others are roaring turn out.

Poor poets are often turn'd out, turn'd out,
Poor poets are often turn'd out:
'Tis e'en thus with the great,
So the poet must wait,
To know if his fate is turn out, turn out,
To know if his fate is turn out.

YOUNG BODKIN AND MOLLY JENKINS.

Sung by Mr. GIBSON.

Young Bodkin was a tailor bold,
And his love he did unfold,
To cruel Molly Jenkins.
He soon began to curse his lot,
For blacksmith Bob her heart had got,
Who struck the iron while 'twas hot,
And married Molly Jenkins.

To the river Bodkin ran,
And drown'd the ninth part of a man,
For love of Molly Jenkins.
When she heard it she did sigh,
Poor soul, he's wet and I am dry,
So, I think I'd best wet t'other eye:
Cruel Molly Jenkins.

Bodkin's ghost as it appears,
Came one night all with his shears;
'O lud!' cried Molly Jenkins.
'The doors are lock'd, what's your design?'
How you got in, I can't divine;
Said he, 'my ghost is superfine,
Cruel Molly Jenkins.'

Said she, 'since you your shears have got,
'Tis plain you mean that we must cut;
Said he, 'no, Molly Jenkins:
Along with me you must decamp,
Unto my grave so cold and damp.'
She gave a squall, it was the cramp,
Which waken'd Molly Jenkins.

MORAL-

Ye tailors, mark what I relate,
Take pattern from poor Bodkin's fate,
Who died for Molly Jenkins.
And ladies, when sly Cupid reigns,
Lest trouble should reward your pains,
Don't let a blacksmith forge the chains,
But think on Molly Jenkins.

POOR MR. SPRIGGS.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett in Up to Town.

Mr. Spriggs, the grocer, married Miss Revel,
He thought her an angel, she turn'd out a devil,
Poor Mr. Spriggs!

She sung, parlez you'd, danc'd waltzes and jigs,
She wasted the tea, and the sugar, and the figs,
And said she'd be mistress, please the pigs,
Poor Mr. Spriggs!

Mrs. Spriggs gave parties to tea and to dinner,
And play'd guinea whist, tho' she ne'er was a winner,
Poor Mr. Spriggs!

She lov'd silver muslin, French lace, and rich stuffs,
Pelisses and tippets, and Chinchilli muffs,
And, some say, she lov'd Captain Brown, of the Buffs,
Poor Mr. Spriggs!

Mr. Spriggs and his wife fell out one night,
And she vow'd she'd drown herself, out of mere spite
To Poor Mr. Spriggs!

She ran to the river, but when she walk'd in,
Her courage grew cool, as the wave touch'd her chin,
And drowning herself she now said was a sin,
Poor Mr. Spriggs!

A fisherman saw her, and thought she'd be wet,
So he pull'd Sally out by a cast of his net,

Poor Mr. Spriggs!

Took her home, half drown'd, to her anxious dear,
Who cried, when he saw her looking so queer,
'Pray, Sir, why the devil did you interfere
With poor Mrs. Spriggs?'

AS I'M A CURIOSITY, COME AND SEE ME.

Written by Mr. C. DINDIN, and sung by Mr. GRIMALDI
at Sadler's Wells.

Antiquaries, what creatures to please !
Their fancies are cast in a droll die ;
Their standard for every thing's cheese,
The better the more it grows mouldy.
A rusty old coin they love so,
They'll any time, bargain to make,
Give a three shilling piece that will go
For a farthing that nobody'll take.

(SPOKEN.) As if a bright picture of King George,
Heaven bless him ! wasn't better than all the old worm-
eaten coins of all the outlandish emperors in the world ;
but, as times go, I may be an emperor, my comical
phiz be stuck on a farthing, and somebody be fool
enough to give a ha'penny for it.

For folks curiosities love to see,
And, as I'm a curiosity, come to see me.

Tol, lol.

Dearly purchas'd, and far-fetch'd, we're told,
Is the thing that most pleases the ladies ;
Good with antiquaries 'twill hold,
Since to buy dear and scarce things, their trade is ;
But the ladies have far the most sense,
And for what's of some use alone call,
While the other's with useful dispense
For what's of no service at all.

(SPOKEN.) Of what use is Mercury without heels, or
a Venus without a head ? then they prefer a cockleshell
to a cockle, and an alligator's toe to a pig's foot ! what's
a dried scorpion to a fished lobster, a stuffed snake to
a stewed eel, or a rusty pike to a pike with a pudding
in its belly ? then a mummy ; O, that's all very well,
because as the Irishman said, it teaches one how to keep
people alive an hundred years after they're dead, that
is a curiosity.

And folks curiosities, &c.

I'll have a museum myself,
And carry the rarity rage high ;
' Pray, Sir, what is that on the shelf ?'
' Ma'am, one of the Anthropophagi.'
' Why, bless me, Sir, that's a hard word !'
' O, yes, Ma'am, its true heathen Greek ;'
But 'twere with scientifics absurd
Ever like other people to speak.

B

(SPOKEN.) What's a curiosity without a hard name? that tremendous animal you see there is an Aldiberontiphosphornio. 'Dear me, Sir, I should have taken it for an old daddy-long-legs; see what it is to be a schollard!' That tree, Ma'am, is the most wondrous wonder of all wonderfals! you read of it in Hollingshead's Chronicles, and it was exhibited some time since in town. 'What tree is it, Sir?' A barnacle tree. 'What, does it bear spectacles?' - No, geese. 'Geese! a goose grow on a tree!' Yes, a goose ready roasted, stuffed with sage and onion, a plate under its arm, and a knife and fork in its pocket; and if that isn't a curiosity I don't know what is.

And folks curiosities, &c.

NOW THE WIND A TEMPEST BLOWS.

Sung by Mr. PYNE in the PRIVATEER.

The morn was fair and fresh the breeze,
 When, anchor weigh'd and blythe the crew,
 We scudded cheerly o'er the seas,
 And bade the distant shores adieu.
 As on we sail'd, some flying squalls
 Along the western welkin rose;
 Turn up, my lads, the boatswain calls,
 For now the wind a tempest blows.

The top-sails dous'd, the squall flew past,
 Our vessel righted on her keel;
 Again the sails ascend the mast,
 Again, we hope and transport feel!
 But soon were hope and transport lost,
 Again the weather-scurd came o'er,
 Against the rocks our vessel toss'd,
 And stranded on our native shore.

O LOVE, IT IS A TERRIBLE THING.

Sung by Mr. FAWCETT in the same.

Once, when I was young, I bethought me of a wife,
 And courted a gay lass to be the messmate of my life;
 Says she, my love is thine, and I'll marry if thou wilt,
 But ere I went to church, I found she was a wicked
 Tol de rol---jilt.

Then for a bold sailor I fancied for to go,
 To try if I could e'er forget my false true-love or no.

To ev'ry smirking lass, and I met with many sicks,
Says I, my dear, I fear you are a wicked little
Tol de rol---witch !

O love, it is a terrible tormenting thing,
'Tis like a bee, all honey sweet, and has a cruel sting ;
And woman is an imp, who delights in a wicked spell,
And if I had my will, I'd send them all in haste to
'Tol de rol---Heav'n !

AND I'M VERY WELL INDEED WITHOUT A
WIFE, I KNOW.

Sung by the same. Tune---Peggy of Derby.

Single poets, at their ease
May persuade us, if they please,
There's no blessing like the joys of married life below ;
But, for me, I freely own,
I'm for letting well alone,
And I'm very well indeed without a wife, I know.

My nephew'll vow and swear,
That your daughter's good and fair,
May be so, but she's a woman and an evil, too.
'Tis very plain to me,
That an angel she may be ;
But 'tis plainer still your wife's a very devil, oh.

Then take a fool's advice,
And don't be over nice,
But when your wife for scolding finds pretences, oh ;
Take a handle of a broom,
Not much thicker than your thumb ;
And thwack her till you bring her to her senses, oh.

TILL, AT LAST, SHE MET DEATH WITH A SMILE.

Sung by Mrs. BLAND in the same.

The darkness of midnight was round,
The door of the cottage was fast,
The heath hush'd in silence profound,
Save the wind that swept mournfully past,
When Claribel, lonely and sad,
On the hearth saw the embers expire,
And it brought to her mind the lov'd lad,
Who in battle had died with her sire.

The tidings struck deep to her heart,
No tear ever moisten'd her eye;
No joy could a comfort impart,
And she liv'd but to breathe the sad sigh.
She glow'd like the embers awhile,
For her bosom could still faintly heave,
Till, at last, she met death with a smile,
For he came as a friend to relieve.

SIR DILBURY DAW.

Sung by Mr. LOVEGROVE in the same:

Sir Dilbury Daw was a bachelor gay,
He liv'd as he pleas'd, and laugh'd all the day,
He went where he lik'd, if he lik'd stay'd away,
Heigh, ho, ha!
His fancy was free, and his will had no law,
And none was so happy as bachelor Daw,
Heigh, ho, ha!

Sir Dilbury Daw to himself took a wife,
Who, like all other wives, was the plague of his life,
For he wanted quiet, but she would have strife,
Heigh, ho, ha !
Grim wee fix'd upon him her desperate claw,
And none was so wretched as poor married Daw.
Heigh, ho, ha !

Sir Dilbury Daw was but fifty at most,
She sixty---so still of a chance he might boast,
And in truth, Lady Daw one day gave up the ghost,
Heigh, ho, ha!
Again jolly mirth on his visage we saw,
For none was so happy as widower Daw.
Heigh, ho, ha!

THE SAWYER AND THE LAWYER.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett in the same.

Tune---If into your hen yard.

To set up a village with tackle for tillage,
Jack Carter he took to the saw;
To pluck and to pillage the same little village,
Tim. Gordon he took to the law.
They angl'd so pliant for gull and for client,
As sharp as a weazle for rats,
Till what with their saw-dust, and what with their law-
dust,
They blinded the eyes of the flats.

Then hey for the sawyer, and hey for the lawyer,
 Make hay, for its going to rain !
 And saw 'em, and law 'em, and work 'em, and quirk 'em,
 And at 'em again and again.

Jack brought to the people a bill for the steeple,
 They swore that they wouldn't be bit,
 But out of a saw-pit is into a law-pit,
 Tim. tickl'd 'em up with a writ.
 Cried Jack, the saw rasper, ' I say neighbour Grasper,
 We both of us buy in the stocks ;
 While I, for my savings, turn blocks into shavings,
 You, lawyer, are shaving the blocks.'
 Then hey for the sawyer, &c.

Jack frolic'd in clover, and when work was over,
 Got drunk at the George for a freak,
 But Timothy Gordon, he stood for church-warden,
 And eat himself dead in a week ;
 Jack made him a coffin, but Timothy off in
 A loud clap of thunder had flown.
 When lawyers lie level, be sure that the devil
 Looks sharp enough after his own
 Then hey for the sawyer, &c.

SAY, WHAT IS LOVE.

Sung by Miss KELLY in the same. Tune---Dans votre lit.

Say, what is Love ? that to the heart
 It yields at once both joy and smart ?
 A feeling we resist in vain,
 Sad pleasure and delirious pain !
 Say, what is love ?

Why should the heart depend for bliss,
 On undefin'd caprice like this ?
 A passion form'd of hopes and fears,
 Of weeping smiles and joyous tears ;
 Say, what is love ?

WELLINGTON AND GLORY FOR EVER!

Sung by Mr. PYNE in the same.

Amid the race of heroes bold,
 Who grace the British name,
 Enroll'd be gallant Wellington,
 The foremost child of fame.

Hear, Britons! hear, against the foe,
How British vengeance flew,
How well they fought and beat the French,
As Britons ever do.

The twenty-second was the day,
And be that day rever'd,
When rang'd near fifty-thousand strong,
The hostile force appear'd;
In fierce array their troops were spread,
O'er Salamanca's plain,
There destin'd to decide the cause
Of liberty and Spain!

His numbers far beneath the foe,
Our Hero sought to cheer,
The unequal force, brave Wellington
Disdain'd to feel or fear.
Fierce was the fight of that dread day,
And long continu'd so,
Till Marmont, wounded, fled the field,
And terror seiz'd the foe.

O'er hill and dale, thro' wood and wild,
Their scar'd battalions fly;
The few who dar'd our ranks to face,
But nobly dar'd to die!
On every side were slaughter'd heaps,
And countless pris'ners ta'en,
On every side the shout was heard,
' For Wellington and Spain !'

And now the scene of carnage o'er,
The storm of battle done,
Thus gallant Wellington recounts,
The glorious battle won.
That Providence, which rules above,
Has deign'd our shield to be—
Almighty Heaven! has fought our fight,
And giv'n us victory!

First, to that Mighty Power be praise,
Who conquers on our side;
Then to my troops, my gallant troops!
Who fought and conquering died!
Their widows and their orphans guard,
Ye Britons, brave and good!
Their tears of grief your deeds shall turn
To tears of gratitude!

THE SAILOR'S CREED.

Sung by Mr. TAYLOR at Covent Garden.

I'll tell you, my hearties, a sailor's plain creed,
 He believes, 'midst the cannons' loud rattle,
 That He, who rewards ev'ry valorous deed,
 Guides the helm and directs ev'ry battle :
 And if doing our duty (as oft has been said)
 Will most certainly Heav'n delight,
 What has that honest fellow to fear or to dread,
 Who's as ready to pardon as willing to fight ?

When broadside to broadside we fiercely engage,
 And the death-dealing balls whiz around,
 You'd think, by observing our lion-like rage,
 That humanity's hulk was aground ;
 But their colors once struck, you'd be otherwise think-
 ing,
 Jack's creed then gives heartfelt delight,
 He believes 'tis his duty to save them from sinking.
 And be as ready to succour as willing to fight.

But the creed of a sailor still farther extends ;
 He believes 'tis his duty likewise,
 To comfort his poor distress'd messmates and friends,
 And the girl that is faithful to prize ;
 Thus, manliness, merit, mirth, friendship, and love,
 All in that gallant sailor unite,
 Who, while doing his duty below or above,
 Is as ready to pardon, as willing to fight.

LET HIM GO.

Sung by Miss MARTYR at Vauxhall Gardens.

Ladies, list, and take from me,
 Ere you wed, a recipe :
 Never trust to what men say,
 Prone to mischief night and day.
 If he will not when he can,
 Marry you, the wily man,
 Be as cold as mountain snow,
 Let him, let him, let him go.

When you see him kneel and swear,
 Then of danger most beware !
 Let him languish, sigh, and grieve ;
 Things but practis'd to deceive :

If his arts evade the church,
Leave the monster in the lurch !
Nought but frowns and scorn bestow,
Let him, let him, let him go.

But when you a lover find,
Noble, gen'rous, brave, and kind,
Let not him of slight complain,
Give him not a moment's pain :
Hand with hand, and heart with heart,
Love must fetter, ne'er to part !
And, if nuptial bliss you'd know,
Never, never, let him go.

THE POLISH LADY.

Sung by Mrs. STIRLING at Vauxhall Gardens.

A Polish lady lov'd a youth,
O, yes, and dearly too, did she ;
For he (all cruel) pledg'd his truth,
That none but her his bride should be.
But perjur'd were the vows he swore,
And false the heart she thought so true
He left her, to return no more,
And meanly to another flew.
The lady griev'd, the lady sigh'd,
Yet nobly scorn'd to woo despair :
' Hence ! hence ! false lover, hence ! ' she cried.
What think you of this lady fair ?

This Polish lady, sense and ease,
With peerless beauty too, had she ;
Yet, he could leave such charms as these,
And all for paltry gold, did he.
But, when successful, he return'd,
And, traitor-like, his love profess'd,
His hand and heart she proudly spurn'd,
And tore the viper from her breast.
Then maids take warning ere you wed,
Of men and all their wiles beware ;
Be not by idle vows misled ;
But treat them like this lady fair.

DESIRE MUST STILL AWAKEN PLEASURE.

Sung by Mr. PYNE in Rich and Poor.

In yonder bower lies Pleasure sleeping,
And near him mourns a blooming maid ;
He will not wake, and she sits weeping :
When, lo ! a stranger proffers aid.

His hurried steps, his glance of fire,
The god of wishes wild declare ;
' Fond Pleasure, wake !' exclaim'd Desire ;
And Pleasure woke to bless the fair.

But soon the nymph, in luckless hour,
Desire asleep was doom'd to view,
' Try, Pleasure, try !' she cried, ' your power,
And wake desire as he woke you.'
Fond girl, thy prayer exceeds all measure :
Distinct his province each must keep ;
Desire must still awaken Pleasure,
And Pleasure lull Desire to sleep.

THE TUNNEL'S ALL THE GO.

Sung by Mr. LOVEGROVE in the Highgate Tunnel.

Tune---Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd.

Had I the roaring trade I had,
I would not look so blue ;
For though my bills would make men mad,
My punch still kept them true.
How jocundly old Larkins quaff'd,
With yonder door ajar,
While Bacchus in my cellar laugh'd,
And Patty in my bar.

But now the tunnel's all the go---
My roaring trade stands still.
Men to their horses cry, wo ! ho !
And drive beneath the hill :
Then break my spits, untruss my fowls,
And leave my door ajar,
The lawyer in my cellar scowls,
The devil's in my bar.

PATTY AND JERRY.

Sung by Mrs. ORGER in the same.

Tune---The Garland of Love.

With this pink par'sol as I trotted down Holborn,
I saw a young man from Fleet Market come out ;
He said, ' My dear Patty, my bosom does so burn,
O, pity the pangs of thy true Jerry Grout :-
I'll buy thee a locket,
A new fashion'd pocket,
A blue worsted tippet,
Some scissors to nip it,

A regency bonnet,
A bow to stick on it,
A white muslin apron,
At top through with tape run,
For Patty's the girl my heart tells me I love.'

I flopp'd it down so, that he might not a view get,
But he through the veil so sweetly did woo,
That when we both got to the corner of Newgate,
I cried, ' Mr. Grout, I don't care if you do.'
So he buys me a locket, &c.
And cried, ' pretty Patty's the girl that I love.'

CALEB QUOTEM' JOURNAL.

Sung by Mr. MOORE at Ranelagh Gardens.

When a lad, with my dad, fertile genius I had,
So resolv'd in my youth, to pursue the path of truth,
I stole a little bit from every famous wit,
Form'd alliance with each science,
Got possession each profession;
When to grace all my trades, soon I turn'd poetaster;
And fully accomplish'd, I set up schoolmaster.
A shop, too, next the street, all in order complete;
Stationery, honey, novels, drugs, and grocery,
Coffee, tea, tobacco, sops, salt, histories, and ballads;
Pickles, powders, pills, and drops, snuff, cucumbers,
and sallads.
Rush-light taper, book of wit, O,
Foolscap paper, ditto, ditto,
Songs and sentimental strains;
Dean Swift's maw wallop,
Sigbing maids and love-sick swains,
Sugar-plums and jalap.

Thus in hurry and bustle I pass'd my prime,
Resolving to make the best use of my time.
For life, as the poet says, is but a summer's day;
Talking of the poet, reminds me what to say.
Poet's say, what's ugly produces care and strife;
And talking of what's ugly, reminds me of my wife.
She teaches girls plain work and knitting,
A room full of scholars all day;
Her face for the office so fitting,
It frightens young fellows away.
Then so truly blest are we, in a fine large family,
Pretty girls and witty boys, daddy's hopes and mam-
my's joys.

Jeremy, Jackey, and Joey, Humphrey, Harry, and Hugh,
 Caroline, Kitty, and Chloe, Cicely, Sally, and Sue,
 Peggy, Winny, Peter, Poll, Simon, Jenny, Dick, and Doll.

(SPOKEN.) At night, Mrs. Quotem and I sit by the fire-side, she all snuff and two-penny, I all pig-tail and short cut; sniff snuff on one side, piff puff on t'other; sniff snuff, piff puff, all smitch, smoke and smother, mugging and making mouths at one another!

While Peggy is pettish and frettish, and Polly is prudish and coy,

Blythe Nancy is pleas'd with a fancy, and Fanny all frolic and joy.

Droll Dick in the dish he is dipping, and Simon is sucking this thumbs,

Sly Cudden is cribbing the pudding, and Peter is plucking out plums,

While Winny is winking and blinking, and Rachael is rubbing her eyes.

Sweet Polly is dressing her dolly, and Martha is eating minc'd pies.

My wife she keeps stumping and dumping, and mump-her mouth all awry,

Her thumping rump, up and down lumping, seems bumping and jumping for joy.

While I keep smoking and joking, and brimful of frolic and jig,

Good humour, and good liquor soaking, we finish the night with a gig.

MY NATIVE LAND, GOOD NIGHT.

Sung by Mr. PINE in Rich and Poor.

Ah! who would heed the seeming sighs
 Of wife or paramour?
 New loves will dry those bright blue eyes,
 We now see streaming o'er.
 For pleasure past, I do not grieve,
 Nor perils hovering near;
 My deepest sorrow is, to leave
 No thing that claims one tear.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go,
 Athwart the foaming brine;
 Nor heed what land you bear me to,
 So not again to mine.

Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves;
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves;
My native land, good night!

THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

Sung by Mrs. BLAND in the same.
On the banks of Allan Water,
When the sweet spring-time did fall
Was the miller's lovely daughter,
Fairest of them all.
For his bride, a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he:
On the banks of Allan Water,
None was gay as she.
On the banks of Allan Water,
When brown autumn shed its store;
There I saw the miller's daughter;
But she smil'd no more.
For the summer grief had brought her,
And the soldier false was he:
On the banks of Allan Water
None was sad as she.
On the banks of Allan Water,
When the winter snow fell fast,
Still was found the miller's daughter:
Chilling blew the blast.
But the miller's lovely daughter
Both from cold and care was free;
On the banks of Allan Water,
There a corse lay she.

COME WITH ME, SWEET JENNY.

Sung by Mr. J. JONES at Sadler's Wells.
Come down the dell, sweet Jenny,
Your father is awa';
Te ew-bughts gane your minny,
Then, come, my lassie bra';
'Tis love's ain month, delightful May,
And ev'ry warbler on the spray,
Sweetly singing, seems to say,
'Come, come with me, sweet Jenny.'
The lassie cried, O, never,
My dad and minny far,
'Twould be the May-game ever,
Gin I should gang awa';
For love must bow to duty's reign;
When they return, consent ye'll gain,
Nor, sweetly singing, speer in vain, Come, &c.

WISH WE NE'ER HAD MET.

Sung by Mr. PYNK in Rich and Poor.

When doom'd to quit his native laud,
Young Henry bade farewell,
As Susan fondly wrung his hand,
Her tears in torrents fell.
And soft she sigh'd, (her trembling heart
While love with fears beset,)
' Oh, would we were not now to part,
Or that we ne'er had met.'

Dame Fortune smil'd on Henry's pains,
And bless'd his growing store ;
Now gone three years, his honest gains
To Susan's feet he bore.
' Nor think,' he cried, ' that Henry's heart
Can e'er its vows forget ;
Dismiss your fears, no more we'll part,
Once more since we have met.'

But, ah ! before twelve months were flown,
They curs'd the married life ;
A very husband Hal was grown,
And Sue a very wife.
She said, that he was false at heart,
He call'd her light coquette :
And both exclaim'd, ' next week we part,
I wish we ne'er had met.'

THE KNIGHT OF THE BORDERS.

Sung by Mrs. LISTON and Miss FERON at Covent Garden

The knight of the borders leap'd on his black steed,
While thus to young Ella he cried,
' Wipe the sad tear away, love, I'll haste with all speed,
To make thee, my dearest, a bride.'
He fled, and she trusted, but false, false was he,
And perjur'd each promise he swore ;
With another he married, for Ella to see
The knight of the borders no more.

She heard the fell tidings, but scorn'd to upbraid,
While sorrow fast phrenzied her brain ;
Her look was all wild, and each feature display'd
A tempest of anguish and pain.
She trembl'd, while paler and paler turn'd she ;
Her fingers her long tresses tore ;
Then, smiling, expir'd—by fate doom'd to see
The knight of the borders no more.

The bell toll'd for Ella : the sound caught his ear ;
 He started, and shook every limb ;
 He gaz'd all around him, with conscience-struck fear ;
 His eyes, late so brilliant, grew dim ;
 He press'd the white hand of the newly-made bride ;
 Breath'd a pray'r, and sunk on the floor ;
 He sigh'd ; would have spoken ; yet spoke not, nor
 sigh'd,
 The knight of the borders no more.

FOR I'M MUM ! MISS, MUM ?

Sung by Mrs. BLAND in Rich and Poor.

My mother did one rule bequeath,
 Which still has been my creed :
 'Twas--Keep your tongue within your teeth,
 And, girl, you must succeed.
 My master and my lady fight
 Like dog and cat, I've heard ;
 But false or true, or wrong or right,
 I never say a word ;
 For I'm mum ! Miss, mum !

Its now a twelvemonth past and gone,
 (I know the time full well,)
 Since first I heard our butler, John,
 His tender passion tell.
 His vows of truth, his love-sick rhymes,
 In silence still I heard ;
 And, though he kiss'd me twenty times,
 I never said a word ;
 For I'm mum ! Miss, mum !

FRANK'S MEDLEY.

Sung by Mr. KNIGHT in the same.

With an air
 Debonair,
 I instruct the ladies ;
 Susan, Jane, and Kitty,
 Lovely, fair, and witty,
 I contrive to hit ye.--
 Come away, come away, to the wedding ;
 There will be tilting there,
 For Jane's to be married to-morrow
 To a regiment of Irish dragoons,
 And they were quartered in Derby, O !

The captain fell in love
 With a long-tail'd pig, or a short-tail'd pig,
 Or a pig with a curly tail;
 A sow-pig?
 No, 'twas a boar-pig,
 Who kiss'd and who prattl'd with fifty fair maids,
 And who chang'd them as oft, d'ye see:
 But of all the fair damsels who dance on the green,
 The maid of the mill for me;
 The maid of the mill, the maid of the mill,
 She cut her petticoats all above the knees, fal, la, la, &c.
 She began to freeze, and she began to cry,
 Oh, says the little woman, sure it can't be I;
 But if I be I, as I suppose I be,
 I've a little dog at home who shew'd me a flattering tail,
 That joy would soon return;
 But, ah! no tears prevail,
 For Love was made an apothecary:
 But no matter for that,
 It all comes as pat as it can,
 But for shaving and tooth drawing,
 Bleeding, cabbaging, and sawing,
 Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip, is the man,
 Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip, is the man,
 To love a lass,
 As the cedar tall and slender;
 Sweet cowslips grace
 Her nominative case,
 And, if you please, I'll end here.

FOR SHE WAS MADE BELOVED TO BE.

Sung by Mr. Horn in the same.

To paint her form, how heavenly fair,
 I will not use my art;
 I will not tell what virtues rare
 Possess her faultless heart;
 Most fair, most virtuous, still is she,
 All praise, save this, above;
 Her form was made belov'd to be,
 Her heart was made to love.
 When first Zorayda met my eyes,
 I felt my freedom o'er;
 With every day that o'er me flies,
 I feel I love her more.
 Nor, though you've known me wild and free,
 Think now my heart can rove;
 For she was made belov'd to be,
 And I her charms to love!

A CHAPTER OF ANCESTORS.

Sung by Mr. LUND in Johnie Armstrong.

Some brag of their ancestors, bide there a wee,
And I'll shew of my pedigree such a fine tree:
It bears bonny apples, so haud aw your gabs,
If you here and there find grafted on it some crabs;
On its branches I've hung all my fathers of yore,
Tho' one or two of 'em were hang'd long before.

(SPOKEN.) My dad was an agriculturist, and mended
hedges and ditches for the good of the nation; my
grandfather was a botanist, and sold Scotch kail and
cabbages; he married one of the coheirresses of Sawney
Splinter, the timber merchant, who dealt in matches
and skewers.

But to brag of our ancestors sure is a joke,
Since an acorn, tho' trifling gives birth to an oak &
Here's a soldier who bluster'd in peace, but, ifeys,
In war trusted less to his arms than his legs;
Here's a famous musician for hawbies wha' play'd,
And an author who wrote books which nobody read;
Here's one who was said to possess second sight,
The truth is, he drank, and saw double at night.

(SPOKEN.) Here's a lawyer who reconciled his clients
to save 'em the expense of a lawsuit; and a doctor who
never killed a patient--because he never had one; here's
a cobbler who was a good soul; and a tailor that was
fond of goose but didn't like cabbage, he was the son
of a schoolmaster without scholars, who sprung from
a scholar, who chopped logic and firewood at the same
time.

But of our forefathers, why make such a fuss?
There's none of 'em trouble their heads about us.

Mong the females here's Catherine Clack, a great scold,
Who was famous for shell-work, for oysters she sold;
Here's one who was noted for painting--her cheeks,
And gentility that very plainly bespeaks;
Three ladies' own maids, and what rank will afford,
A poor fifteenth cox. to a very poor lord.

(SPOKEN.) Here's an old maid, who being reputed a
witch, to avoid being tried brushed off on a besom.
Here's a lady who was always talking, but as people
who talk a great deal, generally talk nonsense, she never
opened her mouth but she put her foot in it. Who
the founder of our family was is a secret I cannot un-
ravel; it wa' somebody, no doubt, and therefore every
body must allow, whatever any body may say, that I
sprung from somebody, tho' nobody knows who.

Then of family honors why open your throats,
The' we've no coat of arms, if we've arms to our coats.

ROBIN ADAIR.

Sung by Mr. BRAHAM at the Lyceum.

What's this dull town to me?
 Robin's not near.
 What was't I wish'd to see,
 What wish'd to hear?
 Where's all the joy and mirth
 Made this town a heav'n on earth?
 Oh! they're all fled with thee,
 Robin Adair.

What made th' assembly shine?
 Robin Adair.
 What made the ball so fine?
 Robin was there.
 What, when the play was o'er,
 What made my heart so sore?
 Oh! it was parting with
 Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,
 Robin Adair!
 But now thou'rt cold to me,
 Robin Adair!
 Yet him I lov'd so well
 Still in my heart shall dwell.
 Oh! I can ne'er forget
 Robin Adair..

MOGGY ADAIR.

A BURLESQUE PARODY ON THE POPULAR BALLAD
 OF ROBIN ADAIR.

Sung by Mr. GRIMALDI at Sadler's Wells.

What's all the world to me?
 Desert and bare!
 Moggy won't go with me
 To Dundee fair.
 There it was limping Ned
 Gave her a ribbon red,
 For which I broke his head—
 (All for) Moggy Adair!

Who made the saucepan shine?

Moggy Adair!

Who boil'd nice dumplings aine?

Moggy Adair!

Who, when they all were done,
Because I didn't run,
Eat 'em up ev'ry one,
(O, cruel) Moggy Adair!

But now thou'rt cold to me,
False, I declare;
Left me for Timothy,
At the Brown Bear!
Now in my garters twin'd,
I'll dangle in the wind,
O!--no, I'll change my mind;
(So a fig for) Moggy Adair!

THE MARINER'S GLORY.

Sung by Mr. W. TAYLOR at Vauxhall Gardens.

When on board of the Dreadnought, Ben Bowling and I
Set sail in pursuit of the foe,
The oath that we made was, to conquer or die,
Let smooth winds or hurricanes blow.

In fair or foul weather,
We pull'd both together,
To raise British valor in story;
For bold Ben and I
Swore for England we'd die,
Old England--the mariner's glory!

When first in the Baltic, two first-rates bore down,
And hoisted an enemy's flag;
What did we?--why fought them for Britain's renown,
Till each bit of sail was a rag!

And when they sheer'd off, boys,
We hail'd them with scoff, boys,
To raise British valor in story;
For bold Ben and I
Swore for England we'd die,
Old England--the mariner's glory!

But why should I boast of what seamen have done,
When fighting in this or that fray;
'Tis enough just to know that the right cause we've run,
And, Briton-like, ne'er run away!

And while we have breath, boys,
We'll grapple with death, boys,
To raise British valor in story;
For bold Ben and I,
Swore for England we'd die,
Old England--the mariner's glory!

THE LAD OF THE MOOR.

Sung by Miss MARTYR at Vauxhall Gardens.

The lad of the moor comes a wooing to me
A many long acres, his Fanny to see,
But what he says to me, I will not tell ye,
When the lad of the moor comes a wooing to me.

The lad of the moor, (and the bravest is he,)
Has fought for his country by land and by sea;
And the maids sigh with envy wherever they be,
When the lad of the moor comes a wooing to me.

The lad of the moor (and the fondest is he)
Has whisper'd a something most pleasing, d'ye see,
But that, tho' a woman, a secret shall be,
While the lad of the moor comes a wooing to me.

The lad of the moor says, 'its Cupid's decree,'
O, dear! I shall blab! I am bursting, I see!
Well, pshaw! its next Sunday the wedding's to be,
When the lad of the moor comes a wooing to me.

JERRY SNEAK.

Sung by Mr. JOHANNOT at Astley's Amphitheatre.

Was ever man like me,
So drove about, d'ye see?
Or, any one by woman so abus'd,
As I am by a wife?
The torment of my life,
O, dear! O, dear! I cruelly am us'd!
I must not look nor speak,
Or, else, 'tis 'Jerry Sneak,
What mischief are you now about to do?'
Then must my tongue be tied,
And live in fear beside,
Of Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Coo!
(SPOKEN.) Then she calls me a lazy dog! though---
I'm out and in,
Fetch the gin!
Open shop!
Squeeze the mop!
Toast the bread!
Make the bed!
Gut the fish!
Wash the dish!

Scrub the stairs !
 Read the prayers !
 Shell the peas !
 Hunt the fleas !
And all thro' the dread white sergeant !
 Then sure I must, for ease,
 Eat bread, and smell the cheese,
 Or else her paws are up to comb my head !
 With strong beer she'll regale,
 While I drink Adam's ale !
 Or else a mug of swipes, a long time dead !
 Then while on pig she'll dine,
 A stale polony's mine,
 Besides, a mouldy-crust for breakfast too !
 And if I ask for more,
 Must stand behind the door,
For fear of Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Coe!
 (broken.) And then I must---
 Rub the brass !
 Feed the ass !
 Boil the rice !
 Drown the mice !
 Sweep the street !
 Baste the meat !
 Clean the shoes !
 Read the news !
 Lay the cloth !
 Skim the broth !
 Beat the mat !
 Comb the cat !
And all thro' the dread white sergeant !

DONALD MACLEOD:

Sung by Mrs. DICKONS at the Lyceum.

Shrill blew the trump of war,
 Calling to fight afar,
 Donald Macleod.
 Fast throbb'd his Jenny's heart,
 Forc'd from her love to part,
 Donald Macleod.
 Deep beat the hollow drum,
 Tauntingly, come, come, come,
 Donald Macleod.
 Sweet Jenny kiss'd the tear,
 Wrung from her soldier dear,
 Donald Macleod.

Sad was their last adieu,
When from her bosom flew,
Donald Macleod.
Yes, and for fame to tell,
How brave he fought, and fell,
Donald Macleod.

THINKS I TO MYSELF, THINKS I.

Sung by Mr. GRIMALDI at Sadler's Wells.

Thinks I to myself, thinks I,
This is a comical age we find,
Our neighbours' faults all of us spy,
But to our own faults are blind;
So poor Mrs. Muz, alas!
Who censur'd for ever Miss Mottle,
For looking so oft in the glass,
Forgot that she look'd in the bottle.

(SPOKEN.) 'Mrs. Muz, you don't seem well, what's the matter?' (imitating a drunken woman.) 'O, Sir, I'm troubled with a consumption of the spirits.' 'Yes, I see you labor under a consumption of the spirits.' 'Yes, Sir, it often comes upon me.' 'I dare say it does.' 'Yes, Sir; and do you know the world is wicked enough to say that---Oh! Oh!' (crying.) O, if that's the case---

Thinks I to myself, thinks I,
No wonder she's blind with a drop in her eye.

There's Truck, the shopkeeper, cries,
How Bullock, the butcher, swears!
And forgets what a parcel of lies
He tells to sell his own wares;
Says Dough, Salmon's fish isn't sweet.
The coalman remarks with pleasure,
Dough's bread's very seldom weight,
While Dough says, his coals are bad measure.

(SPOKEN.) Was you ever at the Buz and Mum club, at the Wig and Watch Box? that's the place for neighbour's fare. (All the conversation in different voices.) 'Chair, chair, the president's toast.' 'Confusion to backbiting, gentlemen.' 'Bravo! where's neighbour Snip this evening? that's a good natured fellow, but monstrously given to cabbage.' 'Yes, give him an inch he'll take an ell; and no man beats him at fine-drawing a bill.' (Here Mr. Snip enters.) 'Ah! brother Snip, your worship was the last man in our mouths.'

'You done me a great deal of honor, gentlemen.' 'O, yes, we always does our friends justice.' 'Brother Barnacle, are you going?' 'Must, must, good night.' 'Good bye, my hearty fellow.' 'Is he gone.' 'Yes.' 'That Barnacle's a queer fellow. I say, Snip, did you twig his wife last Sunday with Razor, the cutler?' 'Hush! Razor's at the top of the table.' 'O, if that's the case I'm mum, but I'll be shot if the last boy's nose belongs to the spectacle maker for all that.' 'I sees through that joke, brother Bright---aye, you're a deep one, he! he! he!--the toast stands, gentlemen.' 'Confusion to back-biters.'

Thinks I to myself, thinks I,
Its all neighbour's fare, and rubs off when its dry.

Professions like puffs are wind,
Words butter no parsnips, O!
'I'm glad you're come,' means, you'll oft find,
'I shall be very glad when you go.'

Miss Prim she calls on Miss Prue,
Who's transported with rapture to meet her;
But the moment her back is in view,

Cries, 'there's no getting rid of that kreter.'

(spoken in different voices.) Bless me, who's coming? that eternal gossip, Mrs. Whifmejig, and her nasty pug dog; provoking!--My dear Mrs. Whifmejig, I'm so glad to see you.' 'My dear Mrs. Nibs, you do me infinite honor---Pompey, get off the white sofa with your dirty feet.' 'O, the dear kreter, let him amuse himself.--(Aside.)---I wish he was in the duck pond---I hope you mean to stay dinner? nay, you shall, I insist upon it.' 'If you must know, I came on purpose,' (Aside.)---'I thought so, one can never have a nice tit-bit but she's sure to poke in her nose. Betty, don't dress the ortolans till supper.' Rat-a-tat-tat! bang the door, it is alive I think. 'Is your master at home?' 'Measter do say he be not at home, Sir.' 'Why, blockhead, if he says so, he must be at home, and I hear him at the top of the stairs.' 'Tunder and turf! can't you be after believing the man, I tell you I'm gone out these two hours'

Thinks I to myself, thinks I,
Ti diddle de dum, ti diddle de di.

THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER.

Sung by Mr. WOLF at Astley's.

Jenny has been to the village,
And brought home a present from Harry;
But tho' her affection he'd pillage,
Blythe Jenny ho never shall marry;

For tho' she has taken, to vex me,
The ribbon he artfully bought her,
She did it in joke to perplex me,
Sweet Jenay, the forester's daughter.

Jenny has been to the gipsy,
Who told her we're off, and for ever,
But sure the impostor was tipsy,
As nothing two fond hearts can sever;
For tho' we have tiff'd, when I met her,
I'll prove like a lover I've caught her,
And the making-up kiss will be sweeter,
With Jenay, the forester's daughter.

Jenny has cows, half a dozen,
And mine are the sheep in the valley,
And tho' not so rich as her cousin,
She's sweeter in temper than Sally;
And soon, very soon, we shall marry,
Tho' many more wealthy have sought her,
And then he may whistle, poor Harry!
For Jenny, the forester's daughter.

MARIAN'S MY LILY AND FLORA'S MY ROSE.

Sung by Mr. J. JONES at Sadler's Wells.

When first I saw Flora, so sprightly and blooming,
She enamour'd my fancy, devoid of all art;
Then Marian, the gentle, soft, sweet, unassuming,
Appear'd, and with Flora divided my heart.
My posy of love two sweet flow'rets compose,
For Marian's my lily, and Flora my rose.

How happy with Marian could I be united!
Yet to part with sweet Flora, ah! could I consent?
And if with her hand my love Flora requited,
The thoughts of dear Marian might banish content.
My posy of love only wounds my repose,
I pine for the lily, and droop for the rose.

So my mind to declare still embarrass'd I tarry,
How can I ask one while enamour'd of both?
Then weave me a cypress, for ne'er can I marry,
For the tongue that would faultier must ne'er take
the oath.

My posy of love can but anguish disclose,
Adieu to the lily! farewell to the rose!

PUT IT DOWN TO THE BILL.

Sung by Mr. LUND at Sadler's Wells.

In this mighty city how easy to live,
For credit's the soul of the place;
Which great and small equally give and receive,
So credit can be no disgrace.

(SPOKEN.) What signifies scarcity of coin? cash is a mere non compos mentis, and credit pro bone publico! Give a good order, and when the account comes in, a pretty put off and a polite promise will do every thing. 'Really, Mr. Thingamy, I expect my remittances every day, and then you may depend upon a settlement; and as I shall want a new service for my next rout, you may as well send one in, and have the goodness to

Put it down to the bill,

Good morning,

Put it down to the bill!

What signifies talking of hardness of times!

No complaint of the times is more vague;
Dash only goes down, care and comfort are crimes,
And prudence is shunn'd like the plague.

(SPOKEN.) How are we ruin'd? Why, with a Where-as! 'By the bye, how d'ye like my villa? fifteen feet and a half from the road, beautiful smoking parlour; nothing like country air--found walking injured my health, so forc'd to keep a nag--then as spouse couldn't walk, as I had a horse, a chaise was no expense; chaise eats nothing, you know--ha! neat thought, love to do the thing genteely.' 'Very good, ha! ha! brought your little account for the last pipe of Madeira.' 'Hey? ha! rather short at present, but as I'm out of Port, may as well send some in, take you down to my villa on Sunday, pretty smoking parlour, fifteen feet and a half from the road--but don't forget the Port, and you can

Put it down to the bill, &c.

To-morrow come never, I've heard people say,

And its meaning I fancy I've found:

In modern account books it stands for pay day,

Except when the dice-box goes round.

(SPOKEN.) Debts of honor must be paid, because they are honorable debts, and different from debts of honesty. 'The account for your honor's last hunter; mine for your last new curricule; and mine for your phaeton and greys.' 'O, yes, I remember the hunter broke down at hazard; the curricule run off its wheels at whist; the phaeton at faro; and the greys were sent to the green-yard by the black-legs at the blue-posts--settle the moment I make a hit; so you'd better double the stakes, and you know you can--Put 'em down to the bill, &c.





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